A New SONG on the Arrival of 3/ PRINCE GEORGE,

And His Intermarriage with the

DYANN

To the Tune of, Old Jemmy.

Rince G EO RGE at last is come, Fill every man his Bumper; For the Valiant DANE make room, Confusion to each Rumper, And every prodigal starch'd Fool Aspires unto a Crown, By hopes of Plotting Knaves to Rule, Who next wou'd pull him down.

Preferve Great CHARLES our King, And His Illustrious BROTHER, While Why, in Halter fiving And hang up one another: The joyful Bridegroom and the Bride, Prince GEORGE of Royal Race, Of all the Swains the Joy and Pride, The subject of their Lays.

111 Brave GEORGE He is a Lad With all Perfections thining ; With every Virtue clad. And every Grace refining: But oh! of fuch a war-like Race, So Conqu'ring are His Charms, No Mars in Field, but must give place To His Victorious Arms.

Brave GEORGE, Great Denmark's Son (A flout and war-like Nation) By Birth to ENGLAND's Crown A near and dear Relation; But now the Knot is doubly ty'd, Which makes Him still more near, The Knot which Knaves would have His lawlers Trile to uphold. By cutting off the Heir. [deftros'd, Against the lawin

But now the Tribe's difpers'd. Their Projects are defeated. Which Walcot and the reft Did hope to have compleated: And now they'l pay for all their scores Who for that Int'rest stood, And let 'em hang for Sons of Whores. Who thirst for ROYAL BLOOD.

Poor Perkin! where's the hope of all thy high promoting? Nov. Bully Tam a Rope.
Malt crown thy Cheats and Plottings. Ferguson with Gray escape, They lase are ev'ry where, If Murder, Treason, I ust and Rape Can pals unpunish'd here.

Let M-th for a Crown. That hopeful Prince fo Loyal, way with Rebels run, To raife an Army Royal Brave George for England scorns to fly. Old Jemmy Rout as He, Their Tlots and Malice we defie, And all their Treachery.

May Heavin, which Him did raile Oth Protestant Profesion. In His Immortal Race Maintain the just Succession that no pretending Bastard be In time to come, may dare

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